**Joseph’s Dreams**

Lyrics by Andrew Lloyd Webber. Music by Tim Rice

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| Narrator | Joseph’s coat annoyed his brothers |
| Brothers | But what makes us mad  Are the things that Joseph tells us of the  Dreams he’s often had |
| Joseph | I dreamed that in the fields one day  The corn gave me a sign  Your eleven sheaves of corn  All turned and bowed to mine  My sheaf was quite a sight to see  A golden sheaf and tall  Yours were green and second rate  And really rather small |
| Brothers | This is not the kind of thing  We brothers like to hear  It seems to us that Joseph and  His dreams should disappear |
| Joseph | I dreamed I saw eleven stars  The sun the moon and sky  Bowing down before my star  It made me wonder why  Could it be that I was born  For higher things than you  A post in someone’s government  A ministry or two |
| Brothers | The dreams of our dear brother are  The decade’s biggest yawn  His talk of stars and golden sheaves  Is just a load of corn  Not only is he tactless but  He’s also rather dim  For there’s eleven of us and  There’s only one of him  His dreams of course will not come true  That is, we think they won’t come true  That is, we hope they won’t come true  What if he’s right all along?  The dreams are more than crystal clear  The writing on the wall  Means that Joseph someday soon  Will rise above us all  The accuracy of the dreams  We brothers do not know  But one thing we are sure about  The dreamer has to go |